

# DOLL MAN

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WINTER ISSUE  
No. 11

*Quarterly*

10¢

*The*  
**DOLL MAN**  
SOCKS CRIME  
SQUARE IN THE  
**EYE!**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

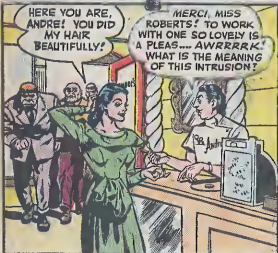
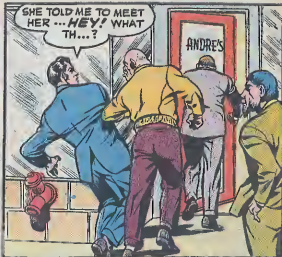
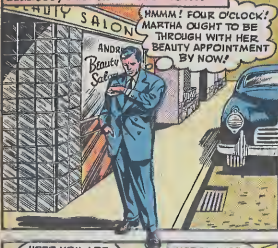
# The DOLL MAN

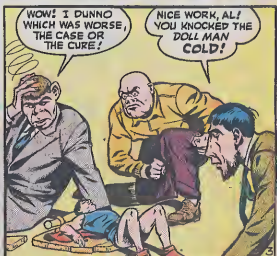
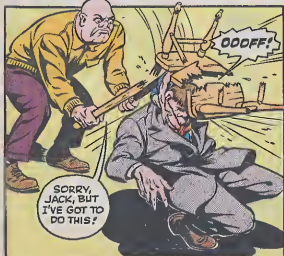


ONLY ONE PERSON knows that Darrel Dane and the mighty **DOLL MAN** are one and the same! That person is Dr. Roberts, who would rather die than reveal the secret!

But what could he or the **DOLL MAN** do against the weird criminal combine of **BEAUTY AND HER BEASTS?**

Darrel Dane keeps a date with his fiancée, Martha Roberts....









WAIT HERE! I'LL SEE IF THOSE THUGS HAVE DISAPPEARED!

I'LL GET OUT OF SIGHT AND CHANGE BACK TO DARREL DANE AND THEN RETURN FOR MARTHA!



A few moments later...

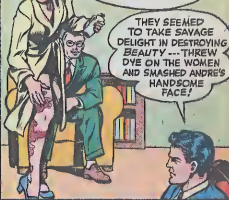
OH, DARREL! YOU'VE COME AT LAST! IT WAS HORRIBLE!



I KNOW, DEAR! THE DOLL MAN TOLD ME ABOUT IT! HE'S HUNTING FOR THOSE VANDALS! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!

Later...

IT'S INSANE! THEY RUINED MY DRESS AND MY HAIR IS FULL OF DYE! AND THEY WERE THE UGLIEST MEN I EVER SAW!



THEY SEEMED TO TAKE SAVAGE DELIGHT IN DESTROYING BEAUTY --- THREW DYE ON THE WOMEN AND SMASHED ANDRE'S HANDSOME FACE!

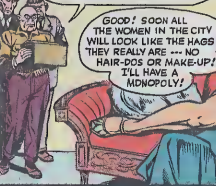
THEY SOUND LIKE PSYCHOPATHIC CASES TO ME, DARREL! MARTHA SAYS THEY DIDN'T TOUCH THE CASH REGISTER!

I'M POSITIVE THERE'S SOME SINISTER PLAN BEHIND THEIR ACTIONS! THEY WERE TOO WELL ORGANIZED FOR PLAIN THUGS!



At that moment, across the city...

HERE YOU ARE, BEAUTY-- THE COSTLIEST CREAMS MADE! AND WE SMASHED THE SHOP AND SPOILED THEIR WORK LIKE YOU SAID!



GOOD! SOON ALL THE WOMEN IN THE CITY WILL LOOK LIKE THE HAGS THEY REALLY ARE --- NO HAIR-DOS OR MAKE-UP! I'LL HAVE A MONOPOLY!

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CAN GET ALMOST ANYTHING SHE WANTS ---

...BUT IF SHE'S THE ONLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, SHE CAN HAVE EVERYONE AT HER FEET! AND I'LL BE THE ONLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE CITY!

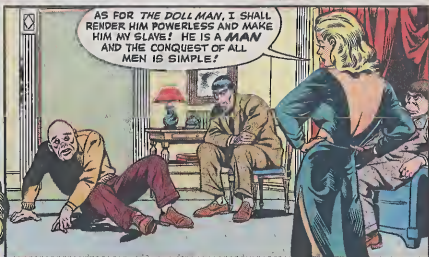
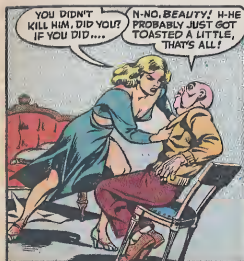


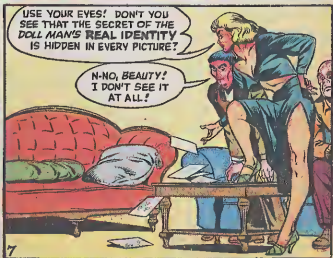
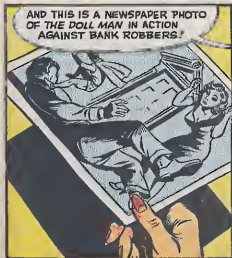
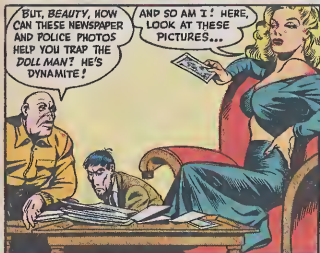
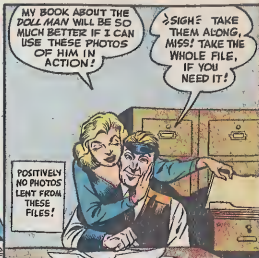
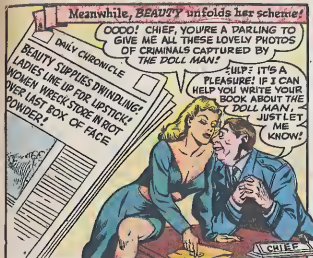
WE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE, BEAUTY! THE DOLL MAN SHOWED UP, BUT WE TOOK CARE OF HIM!

AL KNOCKED HIM OUT AND SHOVED HIM IN THE STEAM STERILIZER --- KIND OF AN ALL-OVER HOTFOOT! HA-HA-HA!



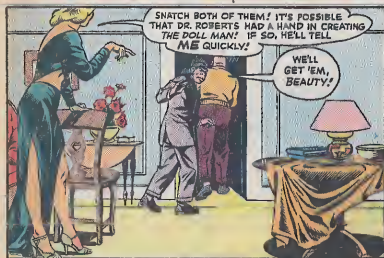
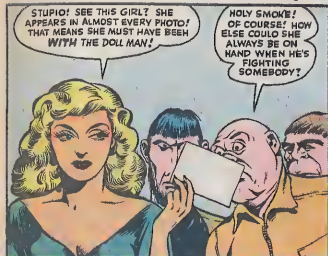


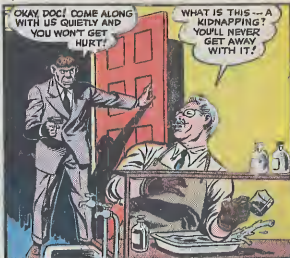




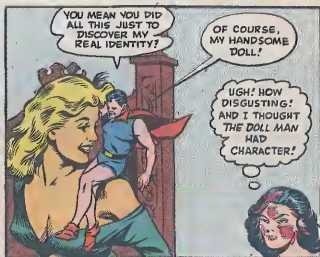
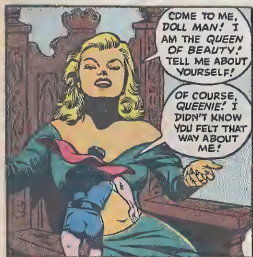


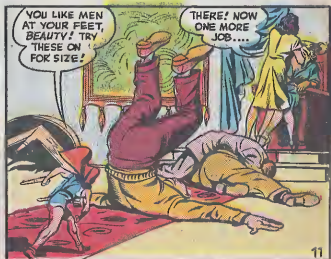
# DOLL MAN QUARTERLY





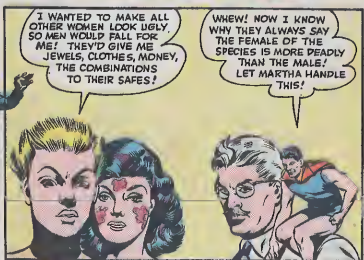
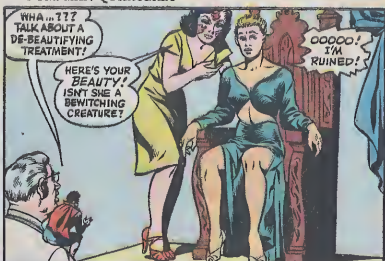








DOLL MAN QUARTERLY



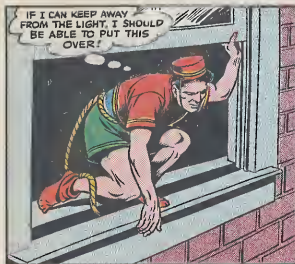


When the black shadow of murder hovered over the MIDWAY OF MIRTH, it took The Doll Man—mighty mite of mayhem—to teach a kill-crazy corpse-collector that **MURDER IS NO CIRCUS!**

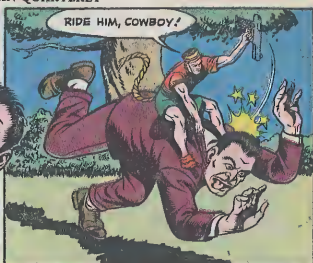




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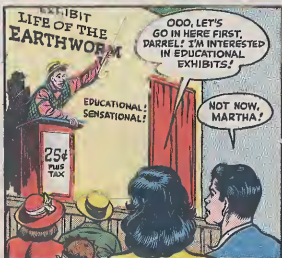
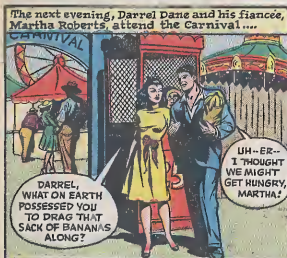
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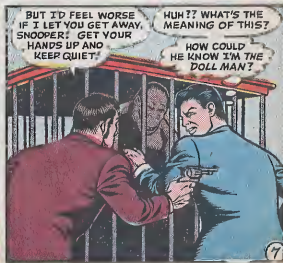
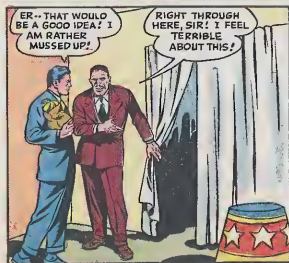




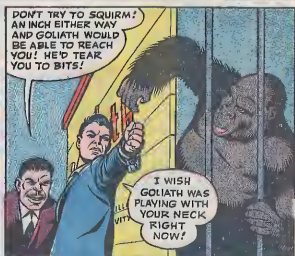
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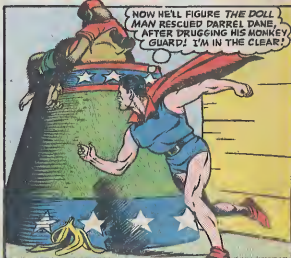
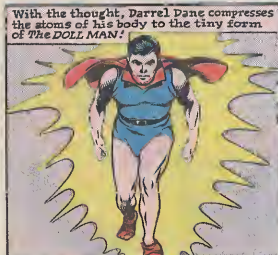
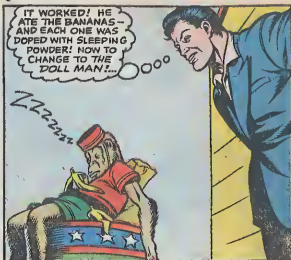
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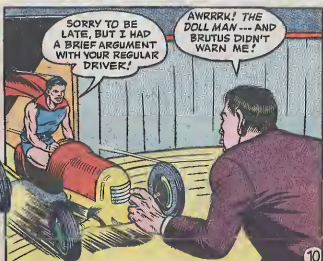
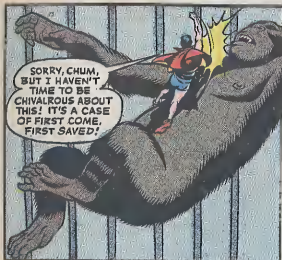


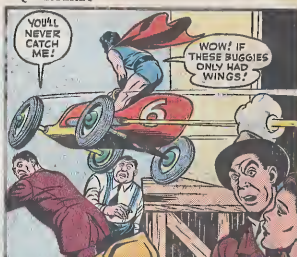
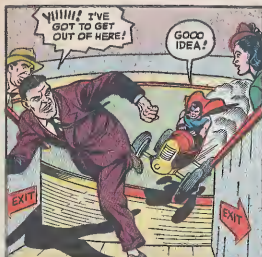
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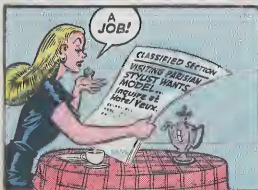


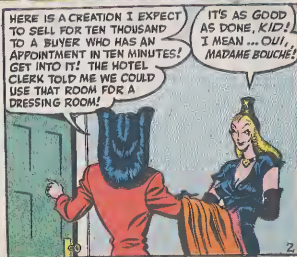
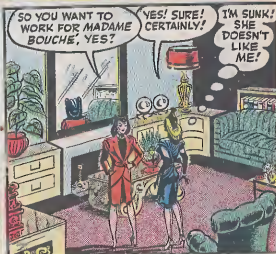
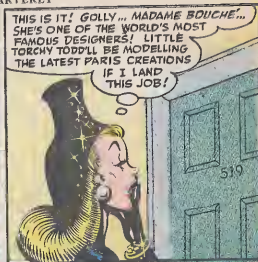
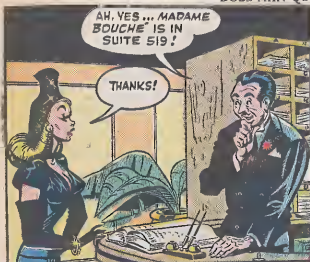
# JONESY

By *DIB*

# Torchy

WHAT  
ARE THEY  
ALL GAPING  
AT? YOU'D  
THINK THEY  
NEVER SAW  
A BRIDE  
BEFORE!







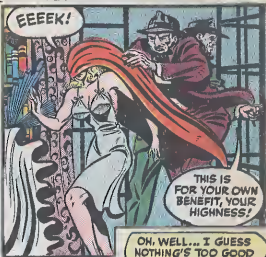
Meanwhile, on a fire escape outside Suite 520...

IT IS SHE! IT IS OUR BELOVED PRINCESS OF BARILUNIA!

WE WILL SAVE HER!



EEEEK!



THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN BENEFIT, YOUR HIGHNESS!

OH, WELL... I GUESS NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR TORCHY TODD!

AS SOON AS SHE CALMS DOWN, WE WILL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE HER THAT IT IS AGAINST HER OWN GOOD AND THE GOOD OF HER BELOVED PEOPLE TO MARRY THIS TITLE-SEEKING AMERICAN!



IMAGINE USING THIS FOR A DRESSING ROOM! IT LOOKS AS IF IT WERE INTENDED FOR ROYALTY!



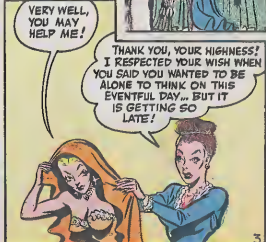
YOUR HIGHNESS, MR. GRAVEE IS WAITING! I CAME TO PLEAD WITH YOU TO LET ME HELP YOU DRESS FASTER!

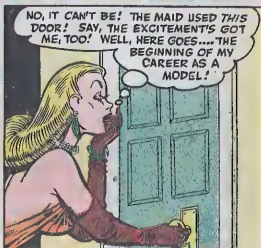
GRAVEE! THAT MUST BE MADAME BOUCHE'S BUYER! GEE ... SHE SENT ME A MAID AND THE MAID CALLS ME 'YOUR HIGHNESS!' I'VE GOT TO ACT UP TO IT!

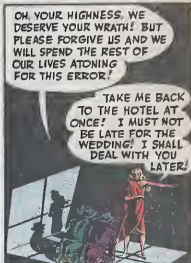
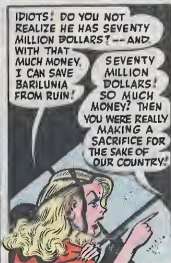
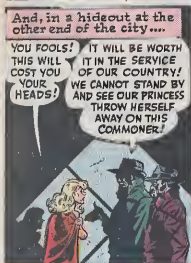
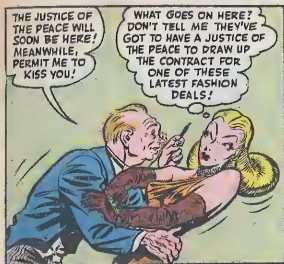


VERY WELL, YOU MAY HELP ME!

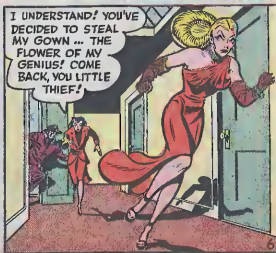
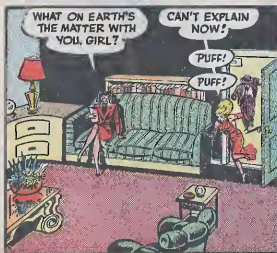
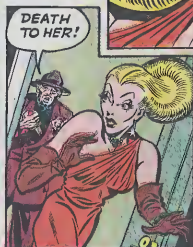
THANK YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS! I RESPECTED YOUR WISH WHEN YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO BE ALONE TO THINK ON THIS EVENTFUL DAY... BUT IT IS GETTING SO LATE!

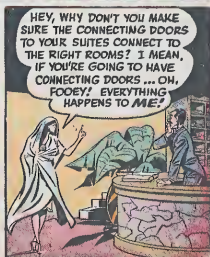
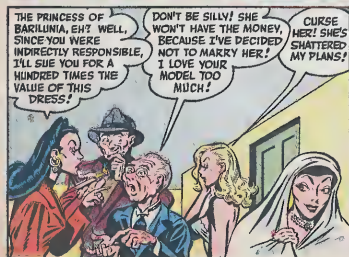












# LOBO

HE was caught in the steel trap. He was small and lean and wicked looking. As we drew near, he peeled his lips back and showed long white fangs. A low growl escaped him. Blood covered the snow where he had already begun to gnaw his foot off. He hadn't gone far enough to hurt, yet.

I said, "The poor thing! Let us take him out."

My uncle barked. "Stand back, I'll shoot the varmint." He raised his rifle. I struck it down.

"No, Uncle, no. We must release him. He is only a whelp. He is badly hurt." I knelt down beside the trapped animal.

"You're a fool," said my uncle. "You've always been a fool. I say let's kill the blasted wolf."

But I didn't hear him. Already I was tugging at the heavy jaws of the trap. The wolf snarled and growled but he didn't bite me. After a moment, I had his leg loose. I said, "There, little fellow, you're free."

As I stood up, the crippled wolf made as if to move off. He fell on his side, his leg folding under him. I reached down and gathered him up. "Come on then, little chap. I'll doctor you up."

I took him home, my uncle grumbling all the way. The wolf would repay me by turning on me. Wolves were all alike. The only good wolf was a dead one, etc.

But I carried Lobo, as I began calling him, to our cabin and placed him in a lean-to at the side. I gave him some fresh meat which he gobbled down, then some water. He was starved and thirsty. I watched him eat and drink then I got some bandages and fixed up his foot.

When I had finished, I stroked his dark head. He didn't growl any more. He licked my hand and whimpered. I left him for the night.

The next morning when I went out to feed him, he was gone. At first I suspected my uncle

of dirty work, maybe even of killing the whelp. He swore he hadn't seen the beast.

The wolf came to the cabin door that evening and whined. I opened the door and he stood there, shivering. I brought him inside. He lay on the hearth and thawed out. It was bitterly cold outside, far below zero. I fetched food and drink. He did full justice to both.

That night, Lobo slept beside my bunk. He lay all night without moving, so far as I know. He was up early next morning, scratching at the door. After feeding him, I let him outside. He scampered off into the forest.

All that winter Lobo came and went. Sometimes he would be gone several days at a time, but he always came back. We were the best of friends. He paid no attention to my uncle. Nor was there any love lost between them.

Trapping was good and we were storing up great bales of pelts. In the spring, we'd take them down to the factor and sell them for hard cash.

One night when Lobo was sprawled on the hearth, we heard wolves howling afar off. Lobo lifted his head and whined. He got up and strode to the door, turned and looked at me, then came back and lay down. I wondered if the call of the wild was reaching into him.

Lobo didn't return to the cabin for five nights. I assumed that he'd met the marauders and Lobo, being a wolf, had run with them. But he came back on the sixth night. He had a great wound in his shoulder, where a fang had ripped.

"Fighting, Lobo?" I asked softly as I cleansed the gash. He whimpered and let me pour ointment into the deep cut. He curled up on the hearth, seemingly very content to rest in the warmth.

For the next week, my wolf stuck close to the cabin. He even went with me a couple of times on my trap line. He'd not go near any of the traps, remembering, no doubt, his own



sad experience. I didn't blame him.

He was like a great dog, liking to romp and play on occasion. He had grown to an immense size. My uncle predicted dire things for both of us. He said, "You'll find out, bub, you can't play with the things of the wild. They're dangerous."

I smiled. Lobo wouldn't hurt me for anything. I wondered how he acted when he ran with his pack—if he did run with it. Was he an outcast? I recalled stories I'd heard of wolves turning against their kind, driving them away or killing them.

At the first spring thaw, we prepared to leave for the south with our load of furs. We packed the big sledge high with pelts. Our six dogs were fat and in good condition. It would be a fine run to the factor's.

We shoved off toward noon. The sun was shining and the snow was blazing like diamonds. It was good trail weather. The dogs kept up a fast clip.

It was a 220-mile trek south to the factor's headquarters. We'd make it, barring accident, in five days, without pushing the dogs too hard.

When we were about 70 miles into the woods, a blinding snowstorm hit. It was a real norther, and the pelting snow was like buckshot. We had to hole up, digging breaks against the bite of the wind. We got a fire going and made tea. The dogs melted themselves into the snow, as malemutes always do. They'd stay warm even in the coldest weather.

By morning the storm had blown itself out. We arose, cramped and stiff, and ate a light breakfast. Then we got underway.

The day was bright and edgy, with a light wind. About midway of our trek, we came on a snowshoe track, crossing our trail. My uncle examined it for a moment. "Indian," he said. I didn't like that. I knew that sometimes the Indians, renegades mostly, were on the prowl when trappers sledged their furs south. They struck fast and left no clues.

And then it happened. A rifle spanged. A bullet whizzed past my face like an angry wasp. I dropped. My uncle did likewise. We broke out our guns. We'd account for at least one of them before they took us, that I vowed.

We had several thousand dollars worth of fine furs.

Another rifle barked. One of the dogs yelped and lay over, dead. Then rifles began cracking on both sides of the trail. The slugs thudded into the sledge and twanged through the snowladen brush. There wasn't much to fire at except the smoke puffs. Most of the Indians had old-fashioned rifles using black powder. We fired whenever we saw a puff. Once a high scream told that we had hit one of them.

But the battle was one-sided. I knew that the Indians would surely work in close and rush us, as was their way. If we kept down, we could manage to keep out of the line of fire; on the other hand, there were few targets offered thus.

I drew a bead on an Indian and pulled the trigger. The fellow leaped high into the air and let out a yowl. I had just stung him.

They rushed us then. A half dozen of them came racing toward us, firing as they came. I saw my uncle topple and knew he'd been hit. I emptied the magazine of my repeating rifle into the approaching Indians and saw two of them wilt in the snow.

The four left came at me, howling like demons. I clubbed my useless rifle and brained one of them. The others ripped the gun from my hands. And now I faced them with only a bowie knife. I swished it, ripping at their faces. I connected at least once, saw the spurt of red, then hurled the knife at the faces of the others.

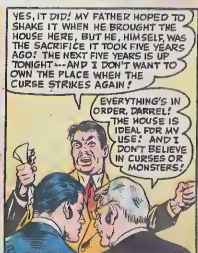
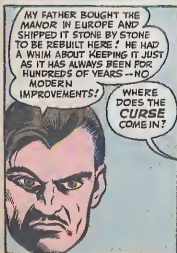
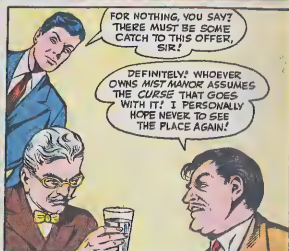
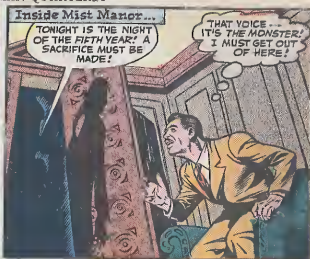
One came at me with a long knife lifted. I knew my time had come. I was breathing hard. A blow in the belly had weakened me. Then a strange thing happened. A great gray shape shot into the fray. The Indian I thought was about to kill me screamed. The shape wheeled and leaped at another Indian. He went down. The remaining redskin tried to get away. The shape nailed him.

I came to my feet groggy. The snow was red with blood. The shape lay, panting, nearby. He was red, too.

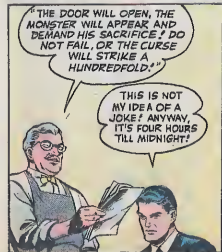
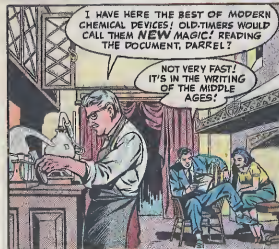
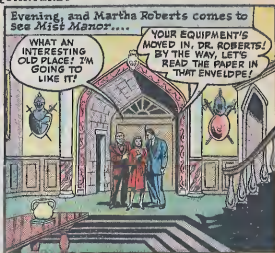
"Lobo!" I cried. "You saved us. Good boy!" The wolf whimpered and nuzzled my hand.

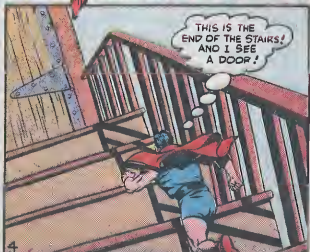
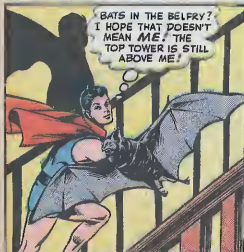
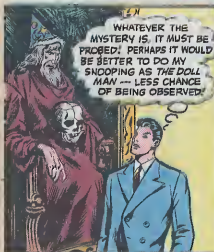
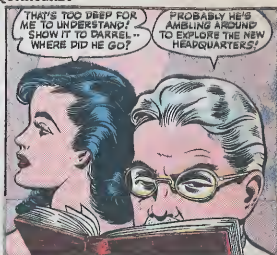
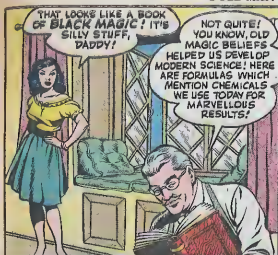
My uncle came to and grinned. "Good wolf," he said.



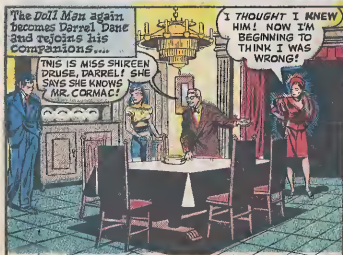
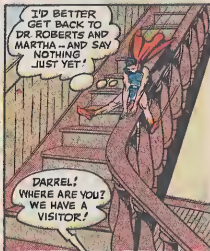
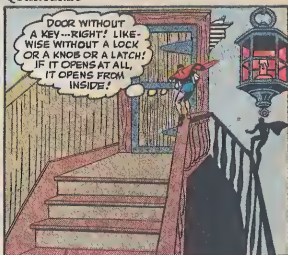
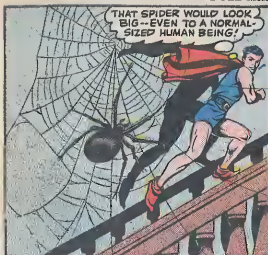


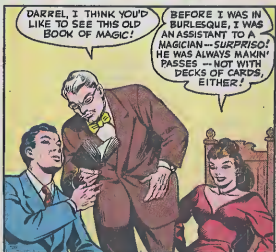
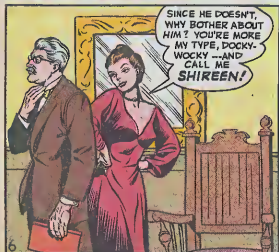
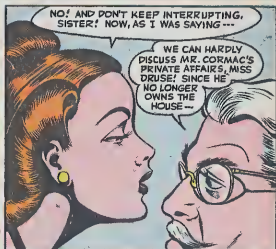
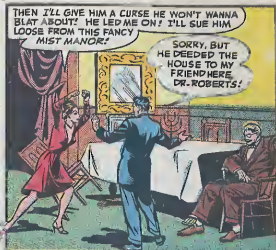






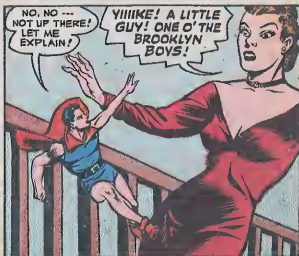
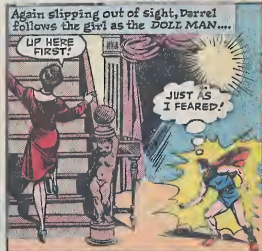
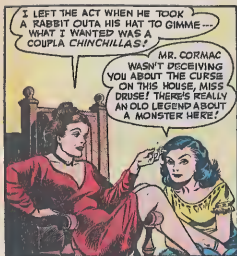
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY

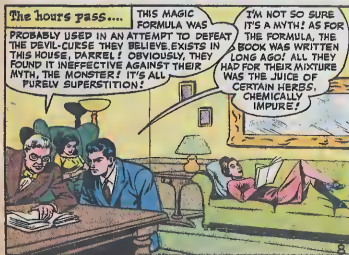
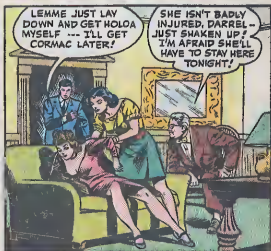
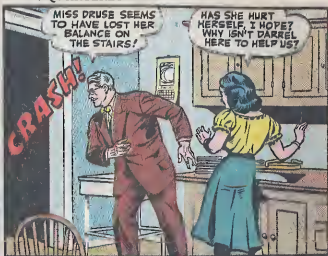






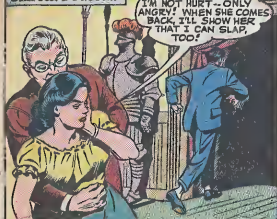
DOLL MAN QUARTERLY







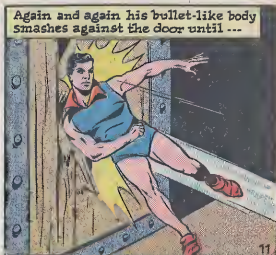
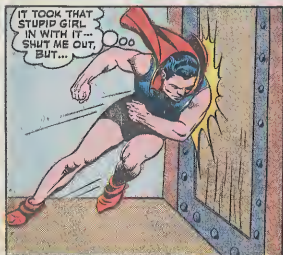
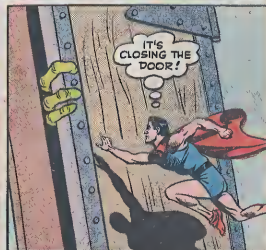
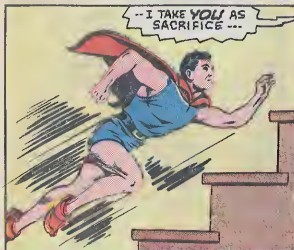
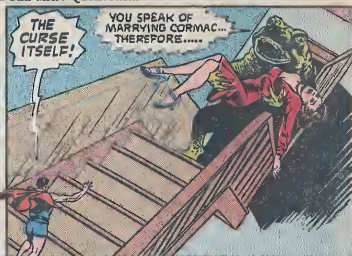
While Martha's startled anger takes her attention from him, Darrel follows Shireen Druse....

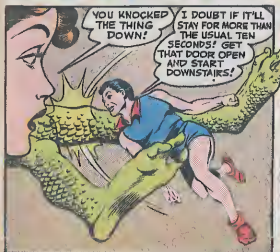


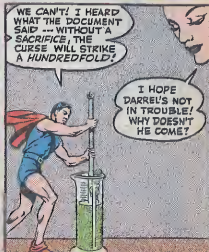
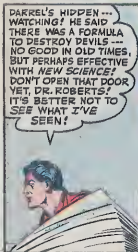
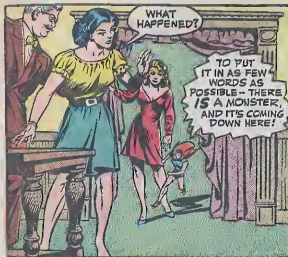
Again a cosmic effort of will....



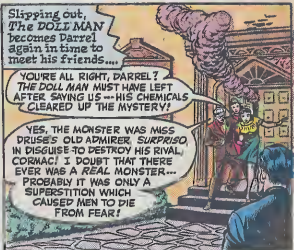
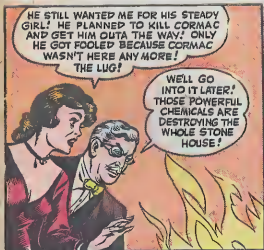
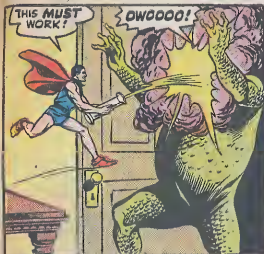








# DOLL MAN QUARTERLY





BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • WOMEN

# PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

Blue Bird

## COOKING SET WHIST WATCHES ARE BACK!



Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

### ONE PAIR RACING HOMER PIGEONS



It's fun to raise, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. Just pair of mated birds gives you a winning 8 orders of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.

Checker Models for Men and Women, Boys and Girls



Happy Days are here again and with them come wrist watches for men and women, boys and girls, so long unavailable at any price. With the manufacturers guarantee as always, these models are reliable and accurate and are executed by professional workmanship with excellent materials. Any of these models yours for the asking. Given for selling one order of seeds plus \$1.50, or given without extra cost for selling two orders. State style desired.

Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.

### CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

Sell only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid camera is yours. **WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.**



Get this military-like outfit for your very own, officers belt, cap and automatic type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order of seeds 40 pkts. at 10c a packet. **SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY.**

### Basket Ball GIVEN

TO YOU



Latest Rubber Valve Type Given for selling only 40 pkts. at 10 cts. each.

### "VICTORY UKE"



Be first in your town to own this Red, White and Blue "Victory" Uke. Given and sent postpaid for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each.

Plant A Victory Garden Again This Year



What a Pet! You will love it. Canary given for selling only five orders of seeds at 10 cts. a packet. Sent Ex. Collect.

### ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a profitable business. We offer and guarantee safe arrival of one pair of rabbits for selling only two orders. Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.



SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU.



40th Year

Lansdowne County Seed Co.  
Station 451 Paradise, Pa.  
Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt. for a free gift. I will pay and pay for seeds in 8 days. Also send right along with Seeds "Big of Tricks" shows shortly.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_  
Print your last name plainly below

Save 5 cents by filling in, posting and mailing this Coupon on a 10 Post Card TODAY.



# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You  
6 Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



**KIT 1**  
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you precious experience.



**KIT 2**  
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



**KIT 3**  
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design circuits; correct; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



**KIT 4**  
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT 5**  
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you many valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT 6**  
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which locates in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with 6 BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

**Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while still learning! It's probably easier to

get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

**Find Out What NRI Can Do For You**  
Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON. NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 7BA3,  
National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home  
Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

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**Good for Both - FREE**

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National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name  Age

Address

City  Zone  State

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TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS**

# NEW

## "EVEREADY" FLASHLIGHT BATTERY LASTS 93% LONGER!

**Tiny cell packs enough ENERGY to kick 186 field goals**

Like football? Like to sit breathless while the Big Team goes into kick formation for a last-minute winning try? Then listen: The great new "Eveready" flashlight cell NOW has energy equal to that used in making 186 big-time field goals from the 25-yard line? Extra power makes "EVEREADY" batteries the All-American choice for brilliant, lasting, low-cost light!



THE NEW "Eveready" flashlight cell literally *blasts* darkness with a dazzling beam of powerful white light. And does it for nearly *twice* as long as famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. Because this new cell packs 93% more energy! Service from "Eveready" flashlight batteries is nearly *doubled*...yet you *pay no more* for this far greater value! For longer life of brighter light...get these new "Eveready" flashlight batteries!

**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**  
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.  
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

### 93% MORE ENERGY

Nearly *twice* the electric energy...almost *two times* longer life than even famous pre-war "Eveready" batteries. That's today's *high-energy* "Eveready" battery—proved by "Light Industrial Flashlight" test devised by the American Standards Association.

1946

1941



## High Energy

MEANS BRIGHTER LIGHT, LONGER LIFE

# EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK  
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

